

PRICE ONE CENT.

EVENING EDITION.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1887.

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READING'S FORCED HOLIDAY.

WHAT WILL TO-MORROW BRING FORTH IN THE GREAT STRIKE?

New Hands To Run the Trains If the Strikers Do Not Return to Work—The Men Say They Are Out For a Principle—The Company Force the Strike—Probable Effect in New York.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—Interest in the great strike on the Reading lines centres on the outcome of to-morrow's proceedings. The company has ordered the men back to work Tuesday morning, and if they are not at their posts their places will be filled by new hands. If there is to be any disturbance it will occur when the officials attempt to move trains with green men.

There was almost a complete cessation of work on the entire system yesterday. Not a coal train ran, while on the previous Sunday more than half a hundred trains came to this city.

The men spent the day strengthening their lines and looking out for non-union men. They say the company forced the strike for stock-jobbing purposes. Crews of coal-laden vessels refused to take them out through sympathy with the strikers. One of the trains sent out from Thirteenth and Callowhill streets Saturday night was side-tracked at Bridgeport. Thousands of coal cars were side-tracked at Pottsville and Pottsville, and at these and other places throughout the coal region the men have received and are obeying the order to quit work very generally. Everybody in the company's employ at Pottsville, including telegraph operators, struck. The 2,000 shop men at Reading are undecided whether the order applies to them or not.

The Reading officials still declare they never intend to get the men back without any serious trouble. No freight except of a perishable nature was run.

The schedule passenger trains are running as usual to-day.

The men say they are out for a principle and declare they will stay out until a satisfactory adjustment is reached.

The financial condition of the Reading employees' organization is a matter of importance, especially in case the strike should be continued any great length of time. On this point one of the chiefs of the convention said last night at Port Richmond: "We have just been looking out how much cash we can get along the line, and we find that in case the company puts 15,000 men on the road at \$3 per day, we can pay them \$3.50 for two weeks—50 cents a day more. At the end of that time the road would be for sale."

At that rate it would require over half a million dollars to keep up such a campaign for two weeks only. But it is stated by other officers of the employees' convention that in the event of a long strike the assemblies are in good condition to maintain their members. Since the beginning of the Lehigh miners' strike the Reading employees have contributed to the strike fund over \$75,000, and notwithstanding this the Reading men are said to be still financially strong.

There is no general treasury in the employees' convention, but the treasuries of the forty-seven local assemblies which compose it contain, it is said, in the aggregate several hundred thousand dollars. Besides this, the Reading men have an intimate alliance with the Union Pacific Railroad Employees' District Assembly, No. 82; the Pennsylvania Railroad Employees' District Assembly, No. 219; and with the assemblies of the Lehigh Valley, Baltimore and Ohio, Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley Railroad employees.

FEARS OF A COAL FAMINE.

The Effect of the Reading Strike May be Felt in This City.

The great struggle between the Knights of Labor and the Reading Railway Company has only just begun, and by to-morrow morning fully 40,000 men, it is stated by the Knights, will be out. The Knights at all the supply depots of the company in this city and elsewhere will sustain their brothers of the order by refusing to handle any freight or coal delivered by or consigned to the Reading Company.

Coal handlers, freight handlers and even truck and cart men who move or carry coal and freight are expected to join in the general attack upon the railroad company. It is said that the obligations which Knights everywhere owe to each other make such a step necessary in the event of the strike. The men calling upon their brethren in this city and elsewhere to aid them.

It is believed by leading men in the order in this city that the General Executive Board will soon take the matter directly in hand and move the company's depots.

Such a general strike as that outlined would, if it lasted perhaps even a week, cause a coal famine such as New York has never experienced. Of course the greatest sufferers would be poor people who are compelled to buy coal in small quantities. The poor families in the tens of thousands dependent on this city for their coal supply, half of the quarter ton and by the hundred and painful would suffer most from a rise in price and from a scarcity of supply. Rich and well-to-do people would not be affected, having their coal delivered in large quantities.

"That is one of the worst phases of a strike of this kind that we have to contend with," a Knight said to a World reporter to-day. "We had it during the coal handlers' strike last winter, but what can we do? Even our own brothers suffer, and they are willing to be the sacrifice to sustain the organization. No reforms are effected without some sacrifice."

"If our men here handled the Reading coal and freight under existing circumstances they would be opposing the very principle for which they are out," said a Knight of Port Richmond and one of the Reading lines are contending. On the great order in this city that the General Executive Board will soon take the matter directly in hand and move the company's depots.

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NO LONGER A SEA MONSTER.

THE BIG RAFT BROKEN UP BY THE WAVES AND HOPELESSLY LOST.

The Steamer Enterprise Found It Scattered About the Sea, 135 Miles from Where the Miranda Lost It—In Capt. McCalla's Opinion It Can Do No Harm to Ocean Steamers—Mr. Leary to Sue for Damages.

That big timber raft has been scattered in 27,000 different directions, and she's not worth a dollar to any one.

This was said to a World reporter this morning by Capt. Bowman McCalla, of the United States mail-of-war Enterprise. The steamer had just returned from her five days' voyage in search of the mammoth bundle of timber, and lay snugly in her dock at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

Her officers and men, cheated by cruel fate out of the pleasure of spending Christmas Day with their wives and sweethearts in the city, came ashore at the earliest moment, bent upon making the most of the remaining period of festivity.

Capt. McCalla, however, had no immediate desire to leave the comfortable cabin, and the reporter chatted with him for half an hour about the situation and its possibilities.

A big chart was spread out on the table, and the Captain traced with his finger the course taken by the Enterprise.

"At about eight or ten hours in the immediate neighborhood of the spot where the raft was abandoned," he said, "we headed about east-southeast and kept a sharp lookout during the following day and night. On Friday afternoon we changed our course to nearly due south and kept it up until about 10 o'clock Saturday morning."

At that hour the lookout aloft sighted a number of white pine logs, and a few hours afterwards we came upon the main body. That was in latitude 39 deg. 33 min. north, longitude 68 deg. 10 min. west, about 135 miles from the place where the Miranda abandoned the raft.

From the time that we sighted the logs we cruised about in a zigzag course until we had inclosed an area of about a thousand square miles.

An impression seems to have got abroad that the logs were found within a small area and very close together. That is altogether erroneous. The raft has come literally to pieces, and no two were found together. The logs are of different sizes, and there are many kinds of wood.

For the past week the weather has been unusually good, and the currents in that neighborhood are very strong, consequently the logs have been scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and every moment increases the distance between them.

It is my firm conviction that not the slightest danger threatens any ocean steamer or merchant vessel from this floating timber. In the first place, it will not be found except by a stray log at a time, in the usual paths taken by ocean vessels.

"Even if it should it would not be dangerous. The logs have no momentum or impulse of their own, and they will be pushed aside by the advance made by an approaching vessel. If the logs were in a narrow channel like the Sound or the East River they might get in the way of the screws of the vessel, but in the open sea this is an impossibility."

The Enterprise steamed at the rate of twelve knots an hour among them with perfect safety.

Would it not be a paying speculation for vessels to go in search of this valuable timber? Capt. McCalla was asked.

"Not at all," he returned. "I doubt if to-day any vessel, by keeping the keener lookout, could find a score of the logs in a week's cruise. If it did, it would be impracticable to send out boats and get them aboard. It would not pay for the labor even if a thousand logs were found."

Two weeks from now these logs will be found floating in the Bay of Biscay, the German Ocean and the Irish Sea, and in course of time some of them may make their way to the Arctic Ocean.

It is a hopeless case to recover any of the timber, and I think these clever gentlemen in Nova Scotia will have to give up the big raft at once. I'm sorry for Mr. Leary, but he ought to have known better than to try to make such a trip at this time of the year."

Merchant seamen in general, and especially those in the timber carrying trade, express a grim satisfaction over the disaster. The universal criticism is made that the course of the raft from the Bay of Fundy was most unwisely directed.

Capt. J. B. Stark, of the schooner Eveland, said: "The Miranda went altogether too far south. She exposed herself unnecessarily to rough weather and strong currents. If any one had looked at the map they would see that the proper course would have been through Vineyard Sound, where there is a deep channel five miles wide and where Capt. Learyman would have been able to anchor in perfect safety until fair weather came. Instead of that he came 200 miles further down, where he was quite unprotected from the gale."

The reporter placed this statement before Capt. McCalla and Lieuts. Stuart and Berryman, and they indorsed it in emphatic terms. Mr. James D. Leary, the owner of the raft, is proceeding against the Miranda for its loss. He will apply to the court to-morrow for an attachment against the vessel. The Miranda's owners say that there was a clause in the contract providing against accidents of wind and weather, and that therefore they are not liable.

PRISONERS FROM BATTLE ROW.

"Tough Jack" in Jail for Stoning a Policeman and "Bull" O'Brien on the Island.

Phillip Strange, alias John Goff, alias "Tough Jack," twenty-two years old, of 1212 Second avenue; George Loris, alias "Bull" O'Brien, nineteen years old, of 938 First avenue; and Jeremiah Conrad, twenty years old, of 416 East Sixty-fourth street, who were arrested last evening on a charge of assaulting Policemen Sharkey and Haregan in Battle row, in East Sixty-third street, were arraigned at the Yorkville Police Court this morning.

It was charged that Strange struck Policeman Sharkey on the leg with a stone, that Lewis threw a large stone through the plate glass window of Matilda Maple's store at 416 East Sixty-fourth street, and that Conrad took a general part in the assault.

Strange was committed to await the result of the injuries inflicted, Lewis was sent to the Island for six months, and Conrad, against whom there was no specific complaint, was discharged.

Policeman Harrigan, who received a serious scalp wound, is in Bellevue Hospital, but his injuries are not considered serious. His assailant has not yet been arrested.

"NO HOPE FOR ME BUT DEATH."

Lucile A. Foster's Faithless Lover Drives Her to Dishevelment.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
WORCESTER, Dec. 26.—A striking case of man's perfidy and woman's wrong was brought to the attention of the public by the arrest for forgery of Lucile A. Foster, twenty-years old, by Detective Colby last night. The arrest was quiet and secretly effected, and only her intimate friends know of the affair, as the police afforded her every opportunity to settle the case.

The offense alleged is the forgery of the name of George Sessions, an undertaker, as an indorsement on the back of four notes.

About five weeks ago Miss Foster went into the office of H. F. Arms, a money-lender, and wanted to negotiate a loan of \$50. She was told she could have the money if some responsible party would indorse her note, and she named over several, among whom was George Sessions. Arms told her that his name would do if he would sign, and after making out a note she carried it away to get Mr. Sessions's indorsement.

She returned soon after with the note properly indorsed, as Mr. Arms thought, and he paid her the money. The note was made out to run six months, at the usual brokers' rate of interest.

Miss Foster then went to A. B. F. Kinney, another broker, and had no difficulty in getting him to accept another note for \$50, to run for one month, with Mr. Sessions's indorsement.

George Sessions's name was signed as an indorsement on every check, and strange as it may seem, resembled in no particular the genuine signature. The first name, George, was written out in full instead of being abbreviated, as the old gentleman invariably signs his autograph.

After receiving \$225, Miss Foster was not seen by her friends until yesterday, when she called to see Mr. Arms again, and wanted to be accommodated with \$25 on the same terms. She had the usual check, which had been duly indorsed by George Sessions's name on the check he held had been forged.

He told her that she had deceived him and unless she made good the amount at once should be arrested. The gaudy gold watch and chain and a note indorsed by a man named Pollet, which he received and let her off.

She said another visit to Kinney and was found here by the police, who had been put on her track. She was not arrested, however until late at night and was then found at the Parker House.

AGAIN THE FAITHLESS LOVER.
The story of the girl is a very sad one. She belongs in Lunenburg, in this State, and was educated for a teacher, but she disliked the business and her guardian—her parents being dead—refused to have anything more to do with her.

She worked as a telegraph operator in Boston and came to this city last spring and was employed in a family where she was acquainted.

When she went to Westboro and secured work in the straw shop there. She came back to this city last September, and lived at the Waldo House for three weeks, representing herself as a student at the City Heights. At the end of that time she was obliged to leave, and left her watch for security. She then went to board at the Parker House. She lived there off and on until December, and made considerable attention by her strange conduct.

No charge, however, was brought against her character and it was not known until her father, who she had never seen, had been brooding over her condition. The name of her betrayer she refuses to disclose.

On Dec. 12 she went to Boston placed herself under medical treatment, and has just returned to her home.

It is surmised by the police that she forged these notes to pay the expenses of her visit to Boston, as her lover proved false and refused to marry her.

The circumstances of her visit, as well as the name of the doctor who attended her and who received \$75 for his services, are known to the police here and they intend to make a further investigation.

Miss Foster had some property left to her by her parents, but it is still in litigation, and perhaps she failed to receive money enough from her mother to take up the notes when they became due.

She was in charge of the police matron last night and seemed to appreciate her position keenly, as she sobbed bitterly in her lonely quarters and sighed: "There's no hope for me but death."

The unfortunate girl has attracted much sympathy among those to whom her story is known and an effort will be made to settle the case against her.

GEORGE COFFIN DEAD.

For Many Years the Faithful Janitor of Tammany Hall.

George Coffin, the janitor of Tammany Hall, died last evening at his residence, 145 East Fourteenth street. He was seventy years of age.

Mr. Coffin was well known to the politicians who have belonged to the Wigwag during the past twenty years. He officiated as doorman for the Committee 2n Organization, and the Tammany Hall chiefs and bravos had to be recognized by him before they were permitted to enter the secret quarters.

He was an Englishman by birth, but had lived in this city for more than fifty years. He was a strong partisan and made it a point of duty to recognize any politician who succeeded from the organization.

Mr. Coffin was one of the greatest admirers of John Kelly, and when that leader died his grief was deep and sincere. He leaves a married daughter, who has had some experience as a comic opera singer.

At a recent meeting of the Tammany Hall leaders \$100 was voted the veteran janitor as a mark of respect. He was appointed janitor of Tammany Hall through the influence of the late Augustus Schell.

Did the Boy Shoot His Mother?
Newbury, Dec. 26.—Mrs. Catharine Casady, wife of Thomas Casady, of this city, died yesterday and was buried early this morning. Rumors of a shooting case reached the ears of the local reporters, who investigated. They learned that ten years ago a bullet from a toy pistol in the hands of her two-year-old son. The attending physician made no report of the case, but the mother and now there are conflicting stories as to how the shooting occurred. The boy says it was accidental, while others say the boy shot his mother while she was punishing him. The death certificate gives the cause of death as septicaemia. Casady died of the shooting, and said the woman died from rheumatism. An investigation is in progress and the body will be exhumed.

TIRED OF BROOKLYN'S JAIL.

JOHN KRAUSE LEAVES IT WITH THE HELP OF A TOWEL ROPE.

Not Willing to Stand Trial on a Charge of Being Implicated With Greenwald in the Murder of Lyman S. Weeks—He Bends the Bar of His Cell Window and Makes His Escape—The Charges Against Him.

John Krause, who was implicated in the murder of Lyman S. Weeks last March, and who was a principal witness in the trial of Greenwald, who was convicted of the crime, escaped from the civil prison of Raymond Street Jail at a late hour Sunday night.

He was held a witness by order of District-Attorney Ridgway.

The civil prison is on the top floor of the jail. The Warden lives on the same floor, on the other side of the hall. Between the civil prison and the hallway there is an iron door, which divides the Warden's apartments.

The civil prison consists of a suit of rooms. Krause occupied the last room on the right-hand side of the prison. There is a window in the room on the outside of which is a small bolt and a nut which secures it.

Krause made his escape by unfastening the nut, taking out the bolt, and bending the bar to a semicircle, which required much strength.

Krause had carefully planned his escape, as the details show. He took a very clever towel, cut it in two and fastened them to the first cross-bar from the civil prison, making a rope.

Then he threw a blanket out of the window on to the cobblestones in the yard. He then lowered the window from the top, pushed back the bolt and unfastened the nut. Then he lowered himself by means of the rope, the lower end of which was fastened to the window.

When he reached the ground he dropped the blanket beneath, thus making good his escape.

The hospital ward was all that stood in the way of his escape. He had to overcome this by taking the pole off one of the vans and placing it between the gate and the lowest portion of the wall.

It is one of the best parts of the escapes that have been made from this jail.

Warden Burroughs, when seen by a World reporter, said: "This is the first time that the civil prison has been beaten. It is a most remarkable escape. The idea was very clever on Krause's part. I have notified every precinct in Brooklyn."

The prisoner who carries the food to the witnesses in the civil prison was the first to learn of the escape. Finding Krause he went to the window and was startled at seeing the bar bent. Looking into the matter he saw the rope made of towel.

Warden Burroughs was quickly notified and an investigation was immediately begun, which disclosed the circumstances of the escape.

Krause's escape recalls the crime for which Greenwald was in all probability hanged. As is well known, it was the murder of Lyman S. Weeks shortly after midnight on the morning of March 1st, at his home, 1071 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn. Mr. Weeks was a commercial traveler who had saved a little money. A few weeks before his death he purchased the house that he was murdered in.

On the night in question he was about to retire when he heard a noise in the basement. He started downstairs in his stocking feet, lighting the hall and finding Krause and closing the bathroom door with a bang.

This noise startled the burglar or burglars, and when Mr. Weeks reached the dining-room, where the scuffle took place, his assailant was waiting for him. During the row that followed a shot was fired.

Mr. Weeks heard the scuffle and the report of the pistol, and running to one of the front doors, sought for help. He saw a man run down De Kalb avenue and dart into one of the side streets towards Broadway.

Neighbors who responded to the cries around the house lying dead upon the floor, and the man who was seen running away in disorder and confusion. Some of the silverware had been taken from a sideboard.

The civil prison was searched by the police of Brooklyn, and reward of \$2,000 was offered by the city. Subsequently the amount was greatly added to.

Inspector Byrnes's men first arrested Pete Inglis, whom two New York policemen identified as the man who shot them in Harlem. Two Brooklyn policemen, who had been similarly treated for asking a man where he was going at 2 A. M. two nights prior to the murder of Mr. Weeks, also identified him. But when they became due.

A few weeks later Krause, one of a "gang" of Bowery lodging-house thieves captured by Inspector Byrnes's men for committing a burglary, was sent to the civil prison. He told the Inspector that Greenwald, one of his partners in crime, had declined to go to Brooklyn on a thieving expedition, saying that the police were after him because he had "done a man up" over there.

Greenwald and his chum, "Butch" Miller, were arrested, and largely on the evidence of Krause and John Baker, another inmate of the "gang." Greenwald was convicted after a long trial.

It has also been a question in the minds of the detectives whether Greenwald fired the shot, although they believe he was present at the murder.

On last Tuesday the appeal in the case of Greenwald came before the Court of Appeals for argument. District-Attorney Ridgway was present, but the condemned man failed to appear, and consequently on motion of Mr. Ridgway, the Court dismissed the appeal and affirmed the conviction of murder in the first degree. Lawyer Kinney, counsel for the condemned man, is confident of reopening the case, as he says it is the fault of the District-Attorney why he was not present.

Supt. Campbell has sent out a general alarm to the police in all the principal cities. At a late hour this afternoon Krause had not been captured.

Trailing Brother's Murderer.

CENTRE, N. Y., Dec. 25.—Edward Beckly and John Holleran got into an altercation in a Canal street saloon on Nov. 25. Holleran held Beckly to the floor and then hit him over the eye. The wound swelled up, became very painful and erysipelas set in, resulting in Beckly's death yesterday.

Holleran has been arrested and held for the Grand Jury. He denies the blow.

FOUGHT THE BURGLARS AWAY.

A Plucky Chelsea Insurance Agent Fired at Three Times by a Robber.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
BOSTON, Dec. 26.—Charles Willis Gould, an insurance agent, had a desperate encounter with burglars at his residence on Warren street, Chelsea, Saturday night. Mr. Gould and his family had been celebrating the festive season with a Christmas tree and retired late.

About 3 o'clock Mr. Gould was awakened, and on going to the first floor saw a large, powerful man with a dark lantern in his hand making for the girls' room and a second man standing on the stairs.

Without once thinking of the consequences of his action, Mr. Gould sprang on the man with the lantern and then commenced a struggle for the mastery.

Mr. Gould made several ineffectual attempts to throw the burglar off the banister, but he was no match for his antagonist, who reached into his hip pocket, secured his revolver, and fired over his shoulder at Mr. Gould, the ball passing in close proximity to his head.

The burglar then fired a second shot, which passed through the index finger of Mr. Gould's right hand and lodged in the ceiling. This had the desired effect, and Mr. Gould let go of his hold on the banister.

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